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Deacon Blue "Orphans"

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I now describe my country As if to strangers This train is full of songs Of local winners

And the wind surrounds the towers The flags, they are blowing And the bunting and the distance Stretches over our sound

And when he teases the children He calls them orphans And he cries for all the flowers Of the forest

In his head there is no reason To be sad about the garden But his heart bleeds very often Things forgotten like little orphans Little orphans

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